Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge Chriſt,
Thrice hath the *Hotſpur Mars* in ſwathing clothes,
This infant warriour, in his enterpriſes,
Diſcomfited great *Dowglas*, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our throne.
And what ſay you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
The Archbiſhops Grace of Yorke, *Dowglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate againſt vs, and are vp.
But, wherefore do I tell theſe newes to thee?
Why, *Harry* do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neer'ſt and deereſt enemy?
Thou that art like enough through vaſſall feare,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleene,
To fight againſt me vnder *Percyes* pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtſie at his frownes,
To ſhew how much thou art degenerate.
Prin. Do not thinke ſo, you ſhall not finde it ſo,
And God forgiue them, that ſo much haue ſwayde
Your Maieſties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percyes* head:
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your ſonne,
When I will weare a garment all of bloud,
And ſtaine my fauours in a bloudy maske,
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcoure my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when ere it lights
That this ſame child of honour and renowne,
That *Hotſpur*, this all-prayſed knight,
And your thought of *Harry* chance to meet,
For fitting on his helme,
And multitudes, and on my head
My For the time will come
That Northerne youth exchange
These indignities,
And my Lord
Bleſſes on my behalfe.

And

And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render euery glory vp,
Yea, euen the ſleighteſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.
This in the name of God I promiſe here,
The which if he be pleaſ'd I ſhall performe
I do beſeech your Maieſty may ſalue,
The long growne woundes of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will die a hundred thouſand deaths,
Ere breake the ſmalleſt parcell of this vow.
King. A hundred thouſand rebels die in this,
Thou ſhalt haue charge, and ſoueraigne truſt herein.
How now good *Blunt*? thy lookes are full of ſpeed.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the buſines that I come to ſpeake of.
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath ſent word,
That *Dowglas* and the *Engliſh* rebels met
The eleuenth of this month, at *Shrewsburie*:
A mighty and a fearefull head they are,
(If promiſes be kept on euery hand)
As euer offered foule play in a ſtate.
King. The Earle of *Weſtmerland* ſet forth to day,
With him my ſonne Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*,
For this aduertiſement is fiue daies old,
On wedneſday next *Harry* thou ſhalt ſet forward:
On Thurſday, we our ſelues will march. Our meeting
Is *Bridgenorth*, and *Harry* you ſhall march
Through *Gloceſter*-ſhire, by which account
Our buſines valued ſome twelue daies hence
Our generall forces at *Bridgenorth* ſhall meet.
Our hands are full of buſines, let's away,
Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay. *Ex*

Enter Falſtalffe and Bardoll.

Fal. *Bardoll*, am I not falne away vilely ſince this laſt a
do I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skin hangs a
me like an old Ladies looſe gowne. I am withered like an
apple Iohn. Well, ile repent, and that ſodainely, while I a